Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

Vanblad & Treff,

Practical Horseshoers.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

OPEN PUBLICITY THE BEST GUARANTY OF MERIT.

When the maker of a medicine, sold through druggists for family use, takes his patients fully into his confidence by frankly and fearlessly publishing broadcast as well as on its bottle wrappers, a full list of all its ingredients *in plain English*, this action on his part is the best possible evidence that he is not afraid to have the search light of investigation turned full upon his formula and that it will bear the fullest scrutiny and the most thorough investigation. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for the cure of the weaknesses, periodical pains and functional derangements of the organs distinctly feminine, is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for woman's special use, the maker of which is not afraid to take his patients into his full confidence by such open and honest publicity.

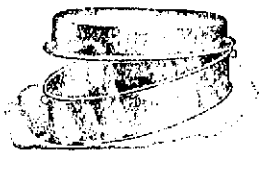
A glance at the published ingredients on each bottle wrapper, will show that it is made wholly from native, American, medicinal roots, that it contains no poisonous or habit-forming drugs, no narcotics and no alcohol—pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength being used instead of the commonly employed alcohol, both for extracting and preserving the active medicinal properties found in the roots of the American forest plants employed. It is the only medicine for women's peculiar diseases, sold by druggists, that does not contain a large percentage of alcohol, which is in the long run so harmful to woman's delicate, nervous system. Now, glycerine is perfectly harmless, and serves a valuable purpose by possessing intrinsic value all its own, and besides it enhances the curative effect of the other ingredients entering into the "Favorite Prescription."

Some of the ablest medical writers and teachers endorse these views and praise all the several ingredients of which "Favorite Prescription" is composed—recommending them for the cure of the very same diseases for which this world-famed medicine is advised. No other medicine for women has any such *professional* endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. If interested, send name and address to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for his little book of extracts from the works of eminent medical writers and teachers, endorsing the several ingredients and telling just what Dr. Pierce's medicines are made of. It's *free* for the asking.

NO OTHER ROASTER EQUALS

THE

SAVORY SEAMLESS



The Raised Oval Bottom makes it positively self-basting.

Different in operation from other roasters.

Results always satisfactory.

Easiest to clean. Family size, $1.

J. C. HAMLIN

The Big Store. SMETHPORT, PA.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, [illegible]

[illegible]

— [illegible] at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—Thanksgiving linen is the subject of the new advertisement for the Lindholm Company this week.

—Prepare for Thanksgiving by consulting the prices on Thanksgiving linens that appear in Fry & Comes new ad to-day.

—Among the premiums awarded the competitors at the county fair we note that $77 was paid to residents of Liberty township and Port Allegany.—Argus.

—The remains of Lulu Hewitt, the 7-year-old daughter of Mrs. Jennie Hewitt of Newton, who died last Friday of scarlet fever, were brought to Smethport on Sunday and buried in Rose Hill cemetery.

—While engaged in repairing a line shaft in the Eberle tannery at Westfield last Saturday morning about 10:30 Bert Bennett was instantly killed. Bennett was working about the shaft when his clothing caught in it and he was rapidly whirled to his death.

—The Bradford High School football team was defeated by the Warren High School team at Bradford Saturday by the score of 11 to 0. On Sunday afternoon the Cresent football team and the Bradford Olymphic team played a tie game at the Bradford driving park. Score 5 to 5.

—If the country newspapers, remarks an exchange, had received regular rates for all they have said against mail-order houses, the editors could all be wearing diamonds. Then it asks whether the home merchants in whose interest the gratuitous knocking against mail-order houses has been done, appreciate the effort to help the home town.

—Hereafter clergymen performing marriage ceremonies cannot "keep it secret" for a little while when requested to do so by the contracting parties without violating a new law which went into effect November 1st. This law compels every clergyman within twenty-four hours after performing a marriage to record the names of the parties and other specified particulars in the city or town clerk's office. The law was passed to prevent secret marriages.

They Needed the Moon.

In a certain New England town there is a medical society which is of some [illegible]

[illegible] of them. "There were no electric lights and good roads the way there are now. The society took in the whole county, and it was often a difficult matter for the doctors who lived in the country to drive home after nightfall. So we called the moon to our aid and set the date for the Thursday before the full of the moon. It is bright moonlight at a seasonable hour then, and the doctors could see their way home. I know there is no necessity for such an arrangement now, but this will seem like a new society if we do not meet the Thursday before the full of the moon."

The Saw.

Pliny says that the saw was first invented by Daedalus; but, according to Apollodorus, it was the invention of Talus, who used the jawbone of a crocodile to cut through a piece of wood and then made an iron instrument in imitation of it. The saw is represented on the monuments of Egypt from 2500 to 3000 B. C. As early as A. D. 1322 sawmills driven by water power were in operation at Augsburg, and, it is believed, before this they were in operation in Paris, driven by the current of the Seine. The first sawmill erected in the Norway pineries was in 1530. Sawmills were numerous in Italy in the sixteenth century. They were not introduced into England until 1663, when a native of Holland built one, but was compelled to abandon it by the opposition of the populace, carpenters and other artisans, who saw no good in such a newfangled contrivance.

Out.

Mrs. Madison Squeer—I suppose in your grace's family there are a number of historic jewels. His Grace—Yes, indeed. I must get them out some day and show them to you, by Jove. Mrs. Madison Squeer—Ah, then you still have the tickets?—Puck.

The Subtle Porcupine.

"The porcupine has his good points," admitted the possum, "but he is an awful flatterer, you know."

"Flatterer?" echoed the coon blankly.

"Yes. He is apt to send one away feeling awfully stuck up."

There is not a single moment in life that we can afford to lose.—Goulburn.

Peculiar Light Giving Animals.

A peculiar light giving animal found in southern Californian waters is the heteropod. The heteropods, dazzling white and almost shapeless, can often be seen floating on the clear water. Their bodies are almost transparent, and they have in addition to a long tail a powerful sucker, by which they cling to seaweed. When these creatures are irritated they seem to emit a light from all over the body, though one writer describes one in which the light—red in this case—seemed to radiate from the center of the animal. Of all the light giving animals the salpa is said to be the most wonderful. Like the heteropod, this animal is provided with claspers that enable it to fasten to seaweed and rocks. So plentiful are they in Californian waters that the Santa Catalina channel, which is from eighteen to twenty miles wide and about forty-five miles long, is at times literally covered with them as far as the eye can reach. Covering the entire surface and gleaming like gems in the sunlight, they present a beautiful picture. These animals constitute a delicacy much sought for by whales. Some of them shed a silvery light, while others yield blue and others red light.

Rivers That Flow Backward.

Near Argostoli, a town on one of the Greek islands, four little torrents of sea water, rolling on an average fifty-five gallons a second, penetrate into the fissures of the cliffs, flow rapidly inland and finally gradually disappear into the crevices of the soil. Two of these water courses are sufficiently powerful to turn all the year round the wheels of two mills constructed by an enterprising Englishman. This seems at first sight absurd on the face of it, but it is quite easily explained. The hills of the island are of soft, calcareous rock, full of fissures, and suck up water like immense sponges. In consequence the pools in their subterranean caverns are always lower than the surrounding sea, so to restore the balance these little brooks, fed by the waves, are always [illegible] inland. The [illegible] of the sea water [illegible] Strand [illegible]

[illegible] Rope Swings.

[illegible] is perhaps the [illegible] country in the world, and the customs and actions that go to make up the daily life of the people are not at all governed by the logic or tradition which moves us on our enlightened way. They have no clearly regulated sports, nothing apparently that could be likened to a national game. They pass most of their recreation hours swinging in straw rope swings and seem entirely happy in the sport. The straw rope, if well made, is extremely durable and can stand considerable weight, as may be judged when three ablebodied young men impose their weight upon the swing, standing on the shoulders of one another after the manner of acrobats. It may be very fine pastime, but the average American, it is safe to say, would find in it very little appeal.

The Old Greek Divorce Law.

A clergyman was railing against divorce. "We ought to have the divorce law that was enforced in ancient Greece," he said. "If that old Greek clause was tacked to every separation, I am persuaded that divorces would fall off 60 to 70 per cent. This law was that when a man got a divorce he could not under any circumstances marry another woman younger than his ex-wife. An innocent law, a brief law, not much to look at, but how [illegible] divorce suits would be nipped [illegible]

Water on the Veldt.

Water is sometimes very scarce and precious on the South African veldt, according to a writer, who says: "In our veldt cottage we had no well, only large tanks, and about August our condition usually became desperate. If you washed your hands you carried the precious fluid out to pour it on some thirsty plant or vegetable; the bath water the same, part of it being first saved to scrub floors. Cabbage and potato water was allowed to cool and then used for the garden or to wash the dogs in first, so that these waters did three duties."

Enthusiast to the End.

An enthusiastic French physician, while dying, made careful observations of his condition, detailing his symptoms to his son and attending physician in order that they might make a record of them. At the very end, when he was on the point of passing away, he surprised the friends at his bedside by saying, "You see I am dying."

Helped Out.

The Father—So you think you can support my daughter? The Suitor—I'm quite sure I can, sir, if you will help us out. The Father—I'll help you out all right, all right! Whereupon the suitor dashed madly down the front steps with the father a close second in the race.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Mistake.

"The chairman told me at the meeting that I was out of order."

"Well, wasn't he right?"

"No. I saw a doctor on the way home, and he told me that I was never in better shape in my life."

A Difference.

Guest (going over the picture gallery and halting before a portrait)—And is this the old master? Servant—No, sir. Sure, that's the auld missus.—London Magazine.

Nature is the most thrifty thing in the world; she never wastes anything; she undergoes change, but there's no annihilation; the essence remains; matter is eternal.

There are about 185 inhabited British isles, of which Scotland claims over 100.

Brewster Was a Dandy.

Benjamin Harris Brewster, one time attorney general, was a most unique character. According to his idea, he was always faultlessly attired, and his makeup once seen would never be forgotten. He usually wore a bell shaped white silk high hat with long whiskers on it, a plaited and frilled white shirt front, with a high standing collar, curious necktie or scarf, buff waistcoat, brown colored Prince Albert coat with gold buttons, yellow trousers, patent leather shoes and soft frilled cuffs, which matched his shirt front, around his wrists. On the thumb of his left hand was an amethyst ring encircled with perfectly matched diamonds and a bunch of old fashioned seals in heavy gold settings dangled from his watch fob. This was his usual makeup when he attended to business at his office, which was in the old Freedmen's bank building, opposite the treasury department, or visited the United States supreme court to participate in cases which concerned the government. His voice was pitched in a high key, and this peculiarity was intensified by his sartorial getup, which always made him conspicuous at any gathering. Apparently he was oblivious of the sensation which his appearance almost invariably created.—Charleston News.

Ten Acres Enough.

Many a man who has gone into business with the notion that he must have an extensive plant in order to succeed has found that he has undertaken too much. This was the experience of an Arkansas farmer, who for many years fitfully tilled a farm of 200 acres without making at any time a comfortable living. At last he sold the land to five Italian families, who took forty acres each. A northern traveler who passed that way and was attracted by the neatness and evident prosperity of the small farms entered into conversation with one of the proprietors.

"How much land have you?" he asked.

"Forty acres," said the Italian.

"Is it all in tillage?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed the farmer. "Ten acres are all one man can attend to. I bought the rest for my sons."

Ten acres may seem like a small farm to most Americans, but carefully cultivated it produced for the Italian more revenue than 200 had for the previous owner.—Youth's Companion.

Plants That Take Pills.

A very large and sturdy orange tree was growing in a small pot. "If that tree," said the florist, "didn't take pills it would require a pot as big as a bathtub to grow in. But it takes pills like a hypochondriac. Chemists, agricultural experts, make plant pills—pills no bigger than chestnuts that contain sustenance for six months, a kind of tabloid food. These chemists analyze a plant's ash and make pills of the constituent salts. The pills, inclosed in a metal cover, are buried in the earth at the plant's roots, and the salts gradually dissolve and diffuse through the metal, giving the plants day by day the sustenance that they require. Pills are also applied to weak, sickly plants, which they help wonderfully."

Checking a Cold.

One of the best and simplest means of checking a cold at its onset is to drink in bed a glass of hot, not warm, water in which have been placed the juice of a lemon, three or four lumps of sugar and a large teaspoonful of pure glycerin. This dose should be sipped as hot as possible after the patient is in bed. Taken thus it will undoubtedly induce a flow of perspiration [illegible]

An Old Ceremony.

Colchester is England's great oyster fishery, and so much of the wealth and fame of the place is derived from the industry that the season is opened with much ceremony. "The city fathers sail to the fishing ground, and the mayor formally assists in raising the first dredge of bivalves. Afterward, in fulfillment of an ancient custom, there is a luncheon, at which the distinctive luxury is gingerbread washed down with raw gin, a combination which, a London paper assumes, will fix the event in memory for several days."

His Specialty.

A little boy was on his knees recently at night, and auntie, staying in the house, was present. "It is a pleasure," she said to him afterward, "to hear you saying your prayers so well. You speak earnestly and seriously and mean what you say and care about it."

"Ah," he answered, "ah, but, auntie, you should hear me gargle!"

James V. of Scotland was the first to put dates on his coinage.

GROOMING COUNTS

But it cannot make a Fair Skin or a Glossy Coat.

Women with good complexions cannot be homely. Creams, lotions, washes and powders cannot make a fair skin. Every horseman knows that the satin coat of his thoroughbred comes from the animal's "all-right" condition. Let the horse get "off his feed" and his coat turns dull. Currying, brushing and rubbing will give him a clean coat, but cannot produce the coveted smoothness and gloss of the horse's skin, which is his complexion. The ladies will see the point.

Lane's Family Medicine

Is the best preparation for ladies who desire a gentle laxative medicine that will give the body perfect cleanliness internally and the wholesomeness that produces such skins as painters love to copy.

A FAMOUS REMEDY

"I cured MY cough with German Syrup!"
He wrote to Dr. G. G. Green;
"An' as true as I tell you, doctor dear,
I'm feelin' finer than ever I've been!"

¶The poor consumptive should not be the victim of experiment, as he often is, but the moment the dread disease manifests its presence he should be given Boschee's German Syrup—a pure, non-alcoholic medicine that is made specially for the cure of consumption, and has a world-wide fame as a certain remedy for catarrh, colds, coughs, croup, sore throat and all bronchial affections in old and young. ¶It is sold in all civilized countries, and has been famous as a consumption cure for almost half a century. ¶Trial bottle, 25c. Big bottle, 75c. At all druggists throughout the world.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

E-76B

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smosh and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

JUST RECEIVED.

Some of the

The Humphrics
New Nickel
Oval
Odorless and
Smokeless Stoves.

Can be connected with hose or pipe. You can cook on them if you want to. They are just the nursery.

Drop in and look them over.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND [illegible]

Pure Drugs

and

Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,

Leading Druggist.

Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

[illegible]

[illegible] their families [illegible] instructive and entertaining to every [illegible] the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS.
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES,

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Lindholm Co.

...THANKSGIVING LINENS...

LINENS FOR ALL.

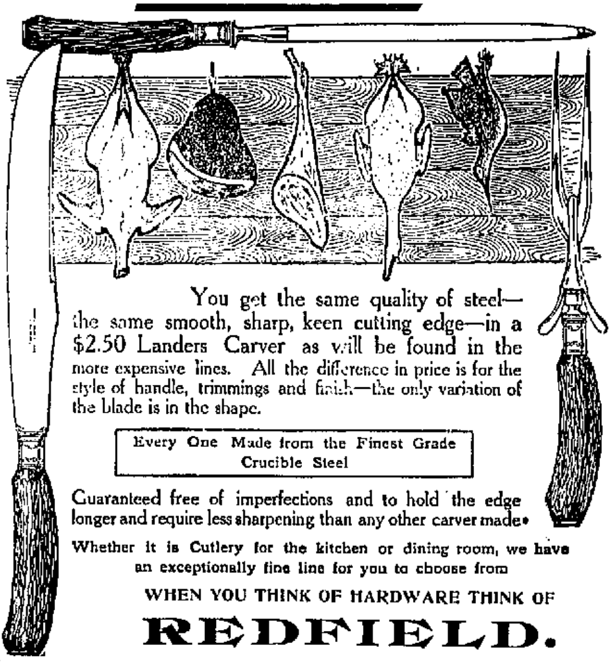
And at a time when you need them. This sale will help you to be happy and save you money on every article

35c Table Damask at 25c.
65c " " " 50c.
1.25 " " " 98c.
Others at 1.50, 1.75, 2.22.
1.65 Quality Napkins at 1.35 doz.
1.75 " " " 1.50 "
2.50 " " " 1.98 "
3.00 " " " 2.00 "
Others at 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, $5.00 doz

These prices will hold good only until stock on hand is exhausted. We will not duplicate any of these pieces.

BUY YOUR LINENS NOW.

Get a Landers Carver



You get the same quality of steel—the same smooth, sharp, keen cutting edge—in a $2.50 Landers Carver as will be found in the more expensive lines. All the difference in price is for the style of handle, trimmings and finish—the only variation of the blade is in the shape.

Every One Made from the Finest Grade Crucible Steel

Guaranteed free of imperfections and to hold the edge longer and require less sharpening than any other carver made.

Whether it is Cutlery for the kitchen or dining room, we have an exceptionally fine line for you to choose from

WHEN YOU THINK OF HARDWARE THINK OF

REDFIELD.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 22, 1906

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Football Saturday.

—A seasonable ad appears to-day for J. C. Hamlin.

—Bell Bros., Olean have a seasonable ad in this issue.

—It is rumored that a roller skating rink will soon open in this borough.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Connington on Sunday, Nov. 18, 1906, a boy.

—Smethport High School vs. Port Allegany High School at Kane Field Saturday.

—As Thanksgiving is next week there will be no meeting of the W. C. T. U. until Dec. 12th.

—"Ike" Simons, the popular Bradford clothier, has a Thanksgiving ad in another column.

—W. D. Hart & Brother of Bradford are among the new advertisers to-day. Read their ad carefully.

—C. Herzog has been confined to his home on Center street for the past two weeks with illness but is now recovering slowly.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. At All Saints' chapel at 2:30 p. m.

—A jolly crowd of little folks enjoyed a party at the hose house last Friday evening. Dancing was the order of the evening and refreshments were served.

—Lane's Jewelry store of Bradford has a new and attractive ad to-day. This firm carries a large and well selected stock and their aim is to satisfy all.

—The charm of a life in the west is delightfully shown in the exciting drama, "As Told in the Hills," which will be given at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—The Bradford postoffice now has a new American postal cancelling machine which is operated by electricity. It cancells 500 letters or postal cards per minute.

—The Ridgway Publishing Company, publishers of the Advocate and Record, have purchased the McKee block in that town and will install their well equipped plant there.

—The Potter Democrat had troubles of its own last week. One of the local pages was pied and the paper had the following explanation: This form originally contained four columns of personals and locals. The form slipped off the press, the type lies in a d——ed mass behind the machine. It's unnecessary to say anything more.

—Next Thursday being Thanksgiving the MINER will be issued on Wednesday. Advertisers will please bear this in mind and have copy for ads in by Monday noon.

—The union Thanksgiving service will be held in the Methodist Episcopal church on Wednesday evening, Nov. 28, at 8 o'clock. The Rev. T. D. Ware will preach the sermon.

—Nearly all the stores and business places will be closed all day Thanksgiving day, so govern yourselves accordingly and do your purchasing not later than Wednesday.

—Don't miss reading the new advertisement of W. L. Crannell, the Olean furniture dealer, which appears in another column. His space always contains something of interest.

—Mesdames L. K. Hogarth and Flora Hogarth entertained a large party of ladies at the hose house last evening. The evening was passed at cards and elegant refreshments were served.

—N. P. L. members are all requested to be present next Saturday at 8 p. m., as important business will be transacted and to arrange for the coming of the National President, Geo. A. Scott.

—D. M. Sheehan, the popular Shawmut passenger train conductor, who formerly lived in this place, bowled 265 on the bowling alleys at Mt. Jewett last Saturday night. That's going some.

—The Port Allegany and Smethport High School football teams will meet at Kane Field on Saturday. The teams are evenly matched and an exciting contest may be looked for. Game calls at 8 p. m.; admission 25 cents.

—Main street is in a most deplorable condition in regard to mud and unless we decide to pave next spring a great deal of money will have to be spent on this street to put it in good repair and then it will only be temporary.

—It is reported that the afternoon flyer for Buffalo on the B., R. & P. was derailed yesterday. Several persons were slightly bruised and shaken up but no one was seriously injured. We were unable to learn full particulars.

—John O'Brien, formerly of Bradford and a prominent employe of the Standard Oil Company, died at Nowata, I. T., Saturday night, aged about 40 years. He had many friends in this county who will be pained to learn of his demise.

—At the home of H. L. Burlison in Keating township Rev. W. A. Harris of the M. E. church of this borough spoke the words this afternoon which united in matrimony Mr. Dannie L. Burger of Eldred township and Miss Sarah A. Cole of Eldred.

—It is reported that a party of hunters headed by John B. Oviatt killed two deer the last of the week in the big woods at the head of Potato creek. Mr. Oviatt and sons have a wide reputation as hunters and they always bag their share of the big game.

—See "As Told in the Hills" at the Lyceum to-morrow evening.

—On Saturday last F. J. Vickery sold his livery business on Union street to Mrs. John Haley, and hence-forth it will be known as Haley's livery. John Haley will have charge of the business and will conduct an up-to-date livery and feed stable.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Elizabeth's church will hold a cooked food sale at Hagberg & Sherburne's grocery store on Saturday afternoon beginning at 2 o'clock. Thanksgiving puddings and a general line of cooked foods will be on sale.

—Yesterday afternoon it was discovered that the foundation for the Grange National Bank was eight inches in the street on the Franklin street side. The mistake was discovered in time so that the correction was made without much extra work or expense.

—The window glass plant at Hazelhurst, which was recently destroyed by fire, will be rebuilt as soon as the insurance loss is adjusted. Mr. Aug. Nicholas has the contract for building the tank and he expects to have his part of the work completed in about six weeks.—Kane Republican.

—A fire at the home of John N. Apple on King street about 8:30 o'clock last Friday morning called out the fire department, but it was extinguished without their assistance. The fire was in a clothes press in the second story and was caused by the three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Apple setting some clothes afire with a candle. The damage was slight.

—Madame Calve, the great singer, has married an American, it is said, who is very wealthy—and blind. A pretty story is told of the alleged manner in which his sight failed on account of an electrical accident and how the Madame was the last object seen by him. His romantic marriage with the great warbler is a Parisian sensation. Love continues to be blind in France as elsewhere.

—No man ever gets so old that he can afford to be ashamed of the natural love of his mother. Some young men, who have just sprouted up from boys, appear to think that there is a great disgrace in showing a loving tenderness for their mother in public. There can be nothing vouch so thoroughly for the proper training of a man as the fact that he still loves his old mother and is not ashamed of it.

—Two foreigners are dead and 36 are violently ill, several of whom will die, at Millsboro, Pa., from eating wild parsnips on Tuesday. The men lived at a boarding house and the parsnips were prepared for the evening meal and the 36 boarders became ill after partaking of them. Physicians were summoned, but before their arrival two of the men died. Three others are expected to die and all the others are still seriously ill.

—Mr. Lewis W. Hudson of Bordell, Pa., and Miss Katie M. Thomas of Rew City, Pa., were united in marriage at the M. E. parsonage by the Rev. W. A. Harris at 2 o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 21, 1906. They left immediately after the ceremony for a short honeymoon after which they will make their home in Bordell. The happy young couple have many friends in this section who wish them a life of happiness.

—Now is the time to prepare for the holiday shopping and the stores are beginning to put on holiday attire. Don't wait until the last moment when the rush is on, but make your selections before the best goods are gone. Watch the ads in the MINER and there will be no good reason for going to the larger towns to shop. Live and let live is an excellent motto. Trade at home, help the home merchant and by so doing you will help your home town.

—At St. Luke's church on Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 29th, the service will be at 10:30 a. m. and will last about one hour. Some of the old hymns of praise, and a special Thanksgiving anthem will be sung. "O go your way into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise; be thankful unto Him, and speak good of His Name." (Psalm 100: 3.) "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the Most High." (Psalm 50: 14.)

—Last Friday night the Pennsylvania flyer collided with a switch engine near Renovo and Engineer John Lovitt of the flyer was killed and his fireman was seriously injured. The wreck was caused, it appears, by an eastern division engineer backing his engine out on the cross-over, when he had been warned not to on account of the Buffalo flyer being almost due. We understand that the engineer and firemen have both been arrested and are now in jail at Lock Haven awaiting the action the grand jury.

—Count Boni de Castellane has only to say the word and it will be in his power to regard with lofty hauteur the fashionables of New York while they dine under his personal supervision in a fashionable restaurant. J. B. Martin, proprietor of a well known cafe, has cabled him as follows: "Count Boni de Castellane, Paris—Will contract to engage you as major domo at salary of 50,000 francs a year to take entire charge of waiters and manage restaurant privileges of Cafe Martin. Oblige with immediate answer." "Count Boni is just the man I'm looking for," Mr. Martin said.

The Acme Cushion Sole Shoe for Ladies, at Rubin's Shoe Store.

Dr. Reed's E. Z. Cushion Sole Shoes for Men at Rubin's.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

M. S. Geary and little daughter were in Bradford Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. McCoy were visitors in Buffalo this week.

Miss Gertrude Wendell spent Sunday with her parents in Hazelhurst.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham are visiting friends in Forest county.

Mrs. F. W. Hussey and son, Francis are visiting relatives in Colegrove.

Deputy Sheriff W. H. Morrison was in Mt. Jewett yesterday on business.

Gustine Cable of the Bradford Sunday Herald had business in town Tuesday.

J. C. Hamlin has returned from an extended visit in New York and Brooklyn.

Dr. John Clark has returned from a few days' visit to his old home in Troy, Ont.

T. H. Pancoast had business in Pittsburg and Cleveland the latter part of last week.

Roy Stark returned Monday from a few days stay with friends in Bradford and Kane.

Miss Mayme Hinman has returned from Chicago where she has been for some time.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughter, Alberta, of Mt. Jewett, were visitors in town yesterday.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. C. Backus and Miss Mattie Backus left Tuesday for a few days' visit in Buffalo.

Sheriff and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell returned Tuesday from a brief visit in Buffalo and Rochester.

Scott F. Redfield, who has been visiting in Syracuse and New York for the past three weeks, returned home on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. P. Clothier and infant son, who for the past two months have been visiting relatives in this place, returned to their home in Buffalo last Friday.

Benj. P. Oviatt, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Oviatt, for the past few weeks, left last Friday for his home in Lake Mills, Wis.

Samuel Peace of Harrisburg is the guest of C. A. Burdick this week, and these gentlemen are spending their spare moments in the woods with dog and gun.

The new Pure Food and Drug Law will mark it on the label of every cough cure containing opium, chloroform or any other stupefying or poisonous drug. But it passes Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure as made for 20 years as entirely free. Dr. Shoop has all along bitterly opposed the use of opiates or narcotics. Dr. Shoop's Cough Cure is absolutely safe even for the youngest babe—and it cures it does not simply suppress. Get a safe and reliable Cough Cure by simply insisting on having Dr. Shoop's. Let the law be your protection. All dealers cheerfully recommend and sell it.

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A SHIRT TALE.

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Shirts at 50c each

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LINENS FOR THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving is the day of all the year when the finest damasks must grace the feast. This is a point in which every thrifty housewife takes especial pride.

A sale of linens this week at reduced prices will we are sure prove of particular interest to you.

Some of the offerings are from our regular stock, others were purchased for this occasion especially—all are priced in a way to make you a saving of ten to fifteen per cent. if you buy this week.

Seventy-five cent Damasks 72 in wide per yard at 65c.
Dollar Damasks 72 in. wide per yd. at 90c.
Dollar twenty-five Damasks 72 in wide per yard at $1.08.
Napkins to match at corresponding reductions.
Seven Dollar Sets 72x90 inch, per set $6.25.
Eight Dollar and a half sets 92x108, per set $7.65.

FURS.

A special lot at a third less than regular values. These fur scarfs are up to date styles and afford an opportunity for money saving well worthy of prompt action on your part.

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Mrs. A. E. Hinman

Campden's Shave

By FRANK POWNALL

"Surely you are not going to break our engagement just because I shaved off my mustache?" pleaded Campden. "That isn't just fair, you know. I can grow one again in a few weeks. Don't spoil a lifetime."

"It's not so much the loss of the mustache," said Mabel Devant. "You should know what I mean, though of course you will pretend to be ignorant. I hate duplicity."

"'Oh, what a tangled web we weave,'" he quoted. "You don't mind telling me what particular sin you have found out in me, do you? I admit that I did buy some candy for Miss Travers, if that's what you are making all this talk about. I might add in self defense that it's the littlest Miss Travers; she's five, I believe."

"If you are going to indulge in such brutal joking I shall say nothing further," said Miss Devant haughtily. "I have been singularly patient. If you only had confessed I should have had no more to say. As it is, I can see nothing in your conduct for which I can find the slightest excuse."

"But see here, Mab," he explained, "I haven't been doing anything. I haven't murdered a man for at least a week, and my last bank robbery is two months back. I feel that I have a clean slate so far as this last unhappy week is concerned, and yet you come back from town and want me to confess to a calendar of crimes on the argument that a good husband should tell his wife everything. I don't admit that argument, but all the same if you'll give me a clew to the sort of [illegible] want me to confess to I'll try to think up [illegible]thing."

Mabel turned on her heel and walked off. It was not a very straight nor steady tread, but she held her head high and tried to keep back the tears until she reached her room. She succeeded until the elevator left her at her floor; then she ran down the corridor, the picture of woe.

When she finally recovered her composure and went down to dinner there was no Harry Campden waiting for her in the hall. Instead she ran into Nettie Braden, who appeared to have been waiting for her and who led her out on the almost deserted piazza.

"I think it's a shame!" began Miss Braden. "That awful man packed up his things and went to town on the afternoon train."

"Harry?" asked Miss Devant comprehendingly.

Miss Braden nodded.

"Without even a goodby," she admitted. "I think it's just too terrible. Come in and have dinner and forget that such a horrid man ever lived."

"I don't feel hungry," declared Mabel, blinking back the tears and seeking her room for the second time.

The next few days were as miserable for her as they were for Campden up in town. He and Mabel were to have been married in October, and while he puzzled his brain for some explanation of the mystery she took refuge in a woman's comfort and went about the beach with an ever ready handkerchief.

The Harrises were giving a house party through September, and Mabel accepted their invitation because she knew that they were not acquainted with [illegible] and that there she would be safe [illegible] [illegible] came down the stairs the morning after her arrival.

The host had been breakfasted, and she had arrived late, but the fresh morning air was a temptation, and she ran down the stairs just as the servants were opening the house.

Out on the piazza she paused a moment to observe a blue coated back; then she advanced with an air of carelessness and made for the opposite end of the porch.

At the sound of the steps the man sprang up, and she gave a scream as she recognized Campden.

"I did not know that you were to come," he began, as he approached her. "I just met the Harrises, and was not aware that they knew you."

"They are very old friends," she said coldly. "I used to go to college with Mrs. Harris."

"That's nice," he observed conventionally. "But see here, Mab, if we are going to be fellow guests for a few days, won't you please tell me what all the row was about?"

"You should know," she said severely.

"I should," he confessed, "but I don't. All I know is that you ran up to town for a week. When you came back to the beach you asked me to confess my sins, and when I said I had nothing to confess except the self evident fact that I had shaved off my mustache you made that the excuse for breaking the engagement."

For a moment Mabel paused, then desire for the truth overcame her reserve. "I wanted to see if you would tell me the truth," she explained. "When I went away you promised to tell me if you had misbehaved. You got into some lovemaking scrape and never told me a word about it."

"So that's it, is it?" he asked. "You want to know why I kissed Beth Connors on the piazza."

"I see you realize at last what the offense was."

"I did not know until just this moment that you knew Nettie Braden. She and Mrs. Harris were schoolmates. So were you. You must all have known each other. Miss Braden was a western girl, and I never supposed you had met her."

"I don't see where Miss Braden figures in this story," she said severely. "I believe it concerns Miss Connors."

"Nettie Braden is the heroine," he explained. "The Connors person is just the villainess. Promise never to tell?"

"No, I shall make no promise."

"Very well," he said. "If you don't care, that puts things in a different light." He had half turned away when a hand was lightly laid upon his arm.

"Please go on," said Mabel penitently. "You know I care. I shall not tell."

"You know Miss Braden came the day after you came up to town?" he began, leaning comfortably against the railing. "She was awfully in love with Dick Harrington. I used to chum with Dick a little when I was out west, and I sort of pitied him. Miss Braden was awfully jealous and so lovey dovey that the whole piazza was laughing.

"You know what a little mischief that Connors girl is? Well, the night of the hop she ran into Dick on the piazza just alongside of an open window. Just because she knew that Miss Braden was on the other side of the window she kissed him with a smack that could be heard a block away.

"Dick saw that she saw, but, like the wise boy he is, he never let on. Instead he hunted me up and got me to go upstairs and shave. We looked so much alike that when Miss Braden accused him of flirting he blamed it on me. It would never do to tell her that it was all done out of deviltment, you know, just because she had been so mushy. She never would believe that. I thought you never would find out. I bet she knew of our engagement and sat right down to write you. Did she?"

Mabel nodded. "She thought she was doing a kindness," she defended. "You see, she knew we were engaged."

"And that was what you wanted me to confess when you urged me so?" he laughed. "I shall have to tell Dick the trouble he got me into."

"Don't you dare," she pleaded. "Promise you won't."

"On conditions," he offered.

"Well?" she asked.

"First," he began, "that you promise never to be jealous again."

"I promise," she agreed.

"That you take back the ring you gave me the other day and promise to keep it on this time until I add to it a wedding ring."

She stretched out her hand in answer.

"There's a third condition," he insisted.

"That you give me what I did not get from Beth Connors," he teased as he bent his head to her lips.

Marriages That Made History.

The marriage of Ethelbert, king of Kent, with Bertha, the Christian daughter of Charlbert, king of Paris, paved the way to Christianity in England. The marriage of Henry VIII. with Anne Boleyn was one of the principal factors leading to the reformation. Ethelred the Unready's marriage with Emma of Normandy gave the conqueror an excuse for asserting his claim to the English throne. The marriage of Henry I. with Matilda of Scotland reconciled the people of England to the conquest by restoring the line of Cedric. Henry II.'s marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine made England the first continental power in western Europe. The marriage of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York closed the bloody wars of the roses. The marriage of Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., with James IV. of Scotland ultimately led to the union of England and Scotland. Finally the marriage of Sophia with the elector of Hanover put a line of German princes on the English throne. [illegible]

[illegible] against [illegible] people [illegible] to be on their guard is meddlesomeness. The chances are that by our meddlesomeness we mar more than we mend. The probability is that the cook broiled the breakfast bacon better than we could have done it, and the tailor cut the coat better than if he had followed our directions. No one can ever be happy in this world who fancies himself or herself born to "set it right." It would do us all good at times to sit with the pupils instead of taking uninvited the seat of the master and the critic. One of the most useful lessons any man can learn is to let things alone. Let the chair stand where the maid placed it. Let the dinner be served without protest as the good wife ordered it. And remember that the world will have to get along without us some day; that if we keep hands off from it for a little while it may be learning, as it must learn, to eventually get along without our suggestion or interference.—Temple Bar.

Queer Things About Fishes.

A naturalist describes the ways in which fishes sleep. They are very light sleepers and frequently assume singular positions, but the most remarkable thing is the change of color many of them undergo while asleep. Usually their spots and stripes become darker and more distinct when they fall asleep. Occasionally the pattern of their coloration is entirely changed. The ordinary porgy, for instance, presents in the daytime beautiful iridescent hues playing over its silvery sides, but at night, on falling asleep, it takes on a dull bronze tint, and six conspicuous black bands make their appearance on its sides. If it is suddenly awakened by the turning up of the gas in the aquarium, it immediately resumes the silvery color that it shows by daylight. The naturalist ascribes these changes to the principle of "protective coloration" and points out that the appearance of black bands and the deepening of the spots serve to conceal the fish from their enemies when lying amid eelgrass and seaweeds.

COMPOSERS AS WITS

PECULIARITIES OF THE GREAT MASTERS OF MUSIC.

They Were Not, as a General Rule, Amiable Critics of Each Other. Comments That Were Usually Caustic and Frequently Savagely Severe.

Never surely was composer more witty than the master who gave us an immortal setting of "William Tell." Rossini's whimsicality extended even to his birthday. Having been born in leap year, on Feb. 29, he had a birthday only once in four years, and when he was seventy-two he facetiously invited his friends to celebrate his eighteenth birthday. Some of the best specimens of his wit were shown in connection with brother composers. "You know," he said one day, speaking to a friend, "you know what pretty dance tunes Auber has always written." Auber being as likely to write dance tunes as Rossini was to write a sermon. The maestro seldom went to the opera or to any place of amusement, but he could not resist the temptation of hearing one of Wagner's works. It was "Tannhauser." Afterward, when asked to give his opinion of the opera, he said, "It is too important and too elaborate a work to be judged after a single hearing; but, so far as I am concerned, I shall not give it a second."

Rossini's witticisms indeed bubbled forth at all times and under all circumstances. On one occasion a gentleman called upon him to enlist his aid in procuring for him an engagement at the opera. He was a drummer and had taken the precaution to bring his instrument. Rossini said he would hear him "play," and it was decided that he should show off in the overture to "Semiramide." The very first bar of the overture contains a tremolo for the drum, and when this had been performed the pupil of [illegible] remarked: "Now I have a rest of seventy eight bars. Those, of course, I will skip." This was too good a chance to be lost. "Oh, no," said the composer. "By all means count the seventy-eight bars. I particularly wish to hear those."

Some of these anecdotes of Rossini remind us that composers, as a rule, have not figured amiably as critics of each other. Handel swore that Gluck knew no more about counterpoint than his cook. Weber pronounced Beethoven a madman, and Haydn said of a brother musician that "he played the fiddle like a hog." Liszt was particularly severe upon fellow artists. Some one was once playing to him a composition he evidently did not care for. "What is that?" he asked. "It is Bennett's 'Maid of Orleans' sonata," was the reply. "Ah," said the virtuoso, "what a pity that the original manuscript did not meet with the same fate as Joan!" But perhaps better than this was the opinion of Wagner expressed by Offenbach. Wagner had just published his "Rienzi," and off went a copy to Offenbach, with a request that he would say what he thought of it. Now, Offenbach had previously read some of Wagner's poems and had made fun of them, a circumstance well known to Wagner. After three weeks the score of "Rienzi" was returned to its composer with a slip on which was written: "Dear Wagner, your music is trash. Stick to poetry." This of course enraged Wagner greatly, and some months later he was out with one of his celebrated brochures denouncing the Jews. It was a fine opportunity for revenge, Offenbach being an Israelite, and the brochure was in the hands of Offenbach in no time. Two days elapsed, and Wagner had the pamphlet back. When he opened it [illegible] "Dear Wagner, [illegible] Stick to [illegible]."

Haydn [illegible] of the fair sex, and some of his prettiest things were said about women. One specimen must suffice. The celebrated Mrs. Billington was a great friend of his, and Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted her portrait. Haydn went to see the picture when it was finished. "Yes," he said to the artist, "it is very good. But you painted Mrs. Billington listening to the angels, whereas the angels should be listening to her."

Berlioz, the eminent French composer, had a caustic wit. He could not endure Bach, and he used to call Handel "a big hog," a "musician of the stomach." For this he was paid out by Mendelssohn, who declared that after touching a score of Berlioz soap and water were necessary. Berlioz, however, had his musical hero, and that hero was Beethoven. Touch Beethoven irreverently and his ire was kindled. There is a certain passage for the double basses in one of the master's scores which was at one time believed to be almost impossible of execution. Now, Habeneck conducted a performance of this work in Paris and gave the passage in question to the cellos. Berlioz, who was present, met Habeneck soon after and asked him when he meant to give the passage as Beethoven intended it to be given. "Never as long as I live," said Habeneck. "Well, we'll wait," replied Berlioz. "Don't let it be long."

Speaking of Beethoven, that master's humor was rather of the grim kind, resembling more the satire of Carlyle than anything else. The composer's brother had a little property of his own and was very proud of it. One day he called on Beethoven and left a card inscribed "Johann Van Beethoven, Land Proprietor." Next day he had it returned to him, written on the back, "L. Van Beethoven, Brain Proprietor."—Chambers' Journal.

Newton.

Newton was so small and frail at birth that his life was despaired of. He lived, however, to be eighty-five, which was also Voltaire's age.

TEN MILLIONS AN ACRE

Statistics on Realty Value in the Greater Pittsburg District Discloses Some Startling Values.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 15.—Ten million dollars for one acre of land—think of it. There are many towns that one could buy outright for less than half this sum. Yet in Pittsburg's downtown section you would have a mighty hard time securing an acre, exclusive of buildings, at even this immense sum. Not long ago this sum was refused for a Fifth avenue property.

Ten or fifteen years ago $12,000.00 a foot front was considered high—now it hovers between the $17,500 and $18,000 mark. In other words the property has increased in value at the rate of $500 per foot front per year.

Three years ago H. C. Frick purchased the Cathedral site for $1,325,000—today it is questionable as to whether $2,500,000 would buy it.

Some Fortunes Made.

About 50 years ago Capt. O'Hara, father of the late Mrs. Schenley, invested in real estate in various sections of what is now Greater Pittsburg. Before he died he saw the few thousands he had invested turned into hundreds of thousands. When Mrs. Schenley died her will was probated in Pittsburg and it showed that her realty holdings in Greater Pittsburg were worth approximately $50,000,000. The original cost of the estate did not exceed $100,000, yet while it lay idle it was enhancing in value at the rate of a million dollars a year.

Similar conditions exist in the Denny estate of Pittsburg, which is worth about as much money, having increased in value in a like manner.

H. C. Frick, Andrew Carnegie, the late H. P. Oliver, Charles Schwab and other multi-millionaires have made several millions in Greater Pittsburg realty. Henry Phipps' realty investments have netted him several millions. Many others of moderate means have made immense sums in Pittsburg realty.

McKeesport Property Values.

Almost every town within a radius of 15 miles of Pittsburg is now considered a portion of Greater Pittsburg, rapid transit having joined these communities to the city proper. The greatest of these districts is McKeesport, a hustling, money-making, industrial section with a population exceeding 50,000. This is the home of the National Tube plant, the largest in the world, and various other industries. In this district alone over $200,000,000 are invested in mills and plants while $10,000,000 more are being expended in erecting an addition to the tube mill.

McKeesport realty increased from 50 to 400 per cent during the past few years. Downtown property sold a few years ago for $900.00 per front foot. Today it is hard to get it at $3,000 a foot. Three years ago lots in the residential section sold for from $500 to $1,000 each. Today $1,000 to $2,500 is only a fair price.

Wilmerding, the great Westinghouse town, is another section of Greater Pittsburg which shows a marked increase in value. Lots that sold for $1,000 to $2,500 only a few years ago are held and sold at from $15,000 to $25,000.

East McKeesport shows a proportionate increase in values.

Another Money-Making District.

Arlington Park adjoins Wilmerding, East McKeesport and Turtle Creek and is but 30 minutes ride from Pittsburg. These lots are now offered for sale. There are just 225 of them and owing to the low price at which they are offered it is certain that they will not last 30 days.

Within a stone's throw of Arlington Park lots are selling in Wilmerding at [illegible] 25x100 foot city building lots so that the purchaser really gets

Ten City Lots for the Price of One.

Think of it. Then full size lots for what you ordinarily have to pay for one in the immediate neighborhood. Can you afford to allow this opportunity to go by unheeded? If you want an investment where can you equal this?

Arlington Park is on the belt line of the Pittsburg Street Railways Co. and a car in each direction passes every 10 minutes for every point in the county.

Many Homes Are Needed.

Thirty thousand men are employed in the Turtle Creek valley and only 5,000 of them reside there. The cause of this is that there are not sufficient houses in the district. There is not any available ground except away up on the hills or hillsides. Houses built in Arlington Park will find tenants at once. It is the logical home site for those men.

With the completion of the $10,000,000 addition to the National Tube plant in McKeesport 5,000 additional homes will be necessary for the workmen. Arlington Park is the only available home site for them.

We guarantee that any unsold lot in Arlington Park at the end of the first year will be advanced not less than 25 per cent over present prices. So you see you make

25 Per Cent the First Year.

We are offering Arlington Park lots on easy terms. Twenty-five dollars secures and lot, $8.00 to $25.00 a month pays for it. No interest. No taxes.

Our illustrated folder shows you how you can get a free trip to Pittsburg and many other interesting things about this great money-making opportunity. Write for it today—it's free.

G. M. CYPHER & CO.,
506 Locust St., McKeesport, Pa.

As to our responsibility we refer you to the First National Bank of McKeesport or the Treasury Trust Co. of Pittsburg, Pa.

PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE

Mimicry of Color and Form Common Among Insects.

An official of the National museum at Washington who has made many trips abroad in the interest of that institution states that in South American forests the butterflies and the birds are equally brilliant in their colors, but that the butterflies, being weaker, fall a prey to the birds. One very bright hued species of butterfly, however, is not disturbed by the birds on account of the disagreeable odor that it emits. Singularly enough, some other groups of butterflies, which resemble in color the species just described, also escape persecution by the birds, although they emit no odor. It is evident that the similarity of color deceives the birds and thus serves as a shield for the butterflies. This sort of mimicry of color and form, which naturalists call "protective resemblance," is not very uncommon among insects.

Another form of "protective resemblance" which exhibits much contrivance and skill is sometimes found among birds. Some birds hide their eggs among stones that resemble the eggs in form and color. The little "bottle tit" in England weaves a bottle shaped nest out of moss, lichens and spiders' webs, and when placed in a tree or bush the nest so closely resembles its surroundings that it can hardly be detected. The color and appearance of the nest are imitations of the prevailing color and appearance of the particular tree in which it is placed.

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Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

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Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
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Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
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Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

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Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—A. H. Kidder, J. A. Swanson, H. E. Tull.
Judge of Election—G. H. Ivde.
Inspectors of Election—G. P. Vickery, F. H. Hungiville.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. [illegible], Sec'y.

[illegible]

[illegible] Post, No. [illegible], meets first Thursday evening of each month in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.
F. R. FOSTER, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Tuesday afternoon.
ELIZABETH KIDDER, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Halll, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rc. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. E. A. BAKER, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOOREHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S
L. R. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesda at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. one Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. D. Ware, pastor Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

Pennsylvania

RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect May 27, 1906

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:10 a m week days.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington 7:10 p m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 9:18 a m 2:35, 4:35 p m week days.
For Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington via Larabee 9:18 a m week days.
For Rochester 2:35 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at

7:35 a m for Bradford via B B & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:50 a m for Pittsburg via B R & P
2:35 p m for Bradford and Buffalo via B R & P
5:15 p m for Bradford and Kane via B B & K and DuBois via B R & P

Trains arrive at Smethport at

8:35 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
6:15 p m from Bradford and Kane.

C. H. GLEASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 3rd, 1906, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:35 a. m., 11:50 a. m., 2:35 p m and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:30	12:25	6:00
Mt. Jewett	7:25	10:54	4:30
Kane	8:55	3:50	6:30
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	6:50	1:30	4:25
Kane	7:30	10:30	3:45
Mt. Jewett	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Arriving at Smethport at 8:35 a. m., 12:50 p. m., 3:35, 6:15 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Supt., Bradford.
R. S. BULLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective Nov. 26, 1905

MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
	6:25	8:10L	Hornellsville	A9:36	5:58	
	6:36	8:20	Arkport	9:25	5:48	
	f	f	Burns	f	f	
	6:47	8:36	Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
	6:54	8:42	Canaseraga	9:07	5:30	
	6:59	8:48	Garwoods	9:02	5:25	
	7:10	8:59	Swains	8:48	5:10	
	7:28	9:17	Birdsall	8:30	4:57	
	7:55	9:30	Angelica	8:15	4:33	
	8:22	10:12	Friendship	7:37	4:15	
	8:54	10:35	Bolivar	L7:05	3:23	
5:40		11:36	Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:36
6:50			Larabee			9:28
7:18			Smethport			9:00
8:00			Mt. Jewett			8:12
9:50		L7:22	St. Marys		A4:50	L6:20
		10:07	Shawmut		2:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		L1:38	
P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M
3:30	11:00	7:19L	Wayland	A10:35	3:02	6:58
3:39	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:30	2:50	6:52
3:48	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:40	6:45
3:57	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:35	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:40	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:23	6:29
f	f	f	Burns	f	f	f
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:00A	Hornellsville	L9:44	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.

L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

B. C. MULHERN, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
JOS. T. O'DELL, Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, April 16, 1906.

Trains leave Port Allegany for Coudersport, Ulysses and intermediate stations at 6:30 a. m., 11:40 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 5:10 p. m. and 7:12 p. m.

Trains leave Coudersport for Port Allegany at 6:40 a. m., 8:30 a. m., 1:30 p. m., 4:00 p. m. and 6:00 p. m.

[illegible]

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. & P. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 168 June Term, 1906.

McKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Edna Warren did, on the 28th day of April 1906, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, A. E. Warren.

We therefore command you, the said A. E. Warren, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the second Monday of December next to answer the petition or libel of Edna Warren and show cause, if any you have, why the said Edna Waren, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1906.
Gallup & Bouton, Libellant's Attorney.

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THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

Patsy Doodle

By Harriet Batchelor Bradner

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Hadley's horse was stepping slowly down the country road, with an occasional toss of his high bred head whenever a familiar fly alighted on his glossy coat. The reins lay inertly in the young doctor's hands, for his mind was far afield. After a long silence he turned to the girl beside him and asked in a voice that he could not keep quite steady:

"Your answer is final, then? You won't marry me? And you—you don't love me?" he added, with a helpless movement of his head. "Why, Elizabeth, I can't realize it; I really cannot." And the blue eyes he turned on her were full of tears.

"I—Edward," she began, "Edward, I can't bear to hurt you, but"— And her voice lost itself in a quick sob.

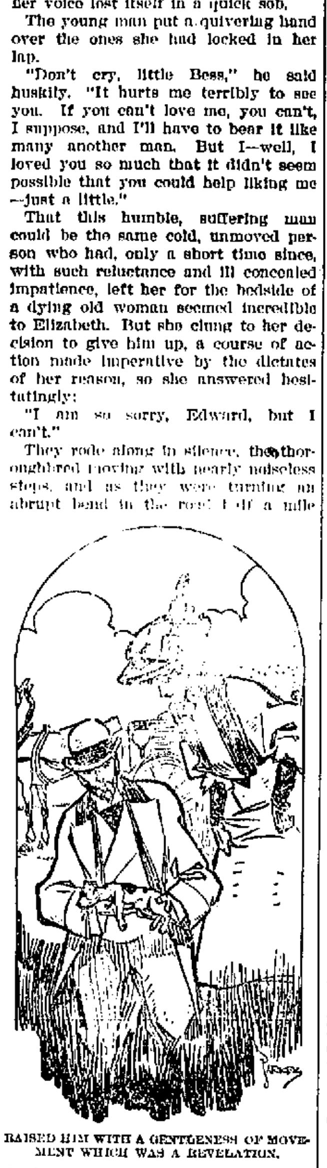
The young man put a quivering hand over the ones she had locked in her lap.

"Don't cry, little Bess," he said huskily. "It hurts me terribly to see you. If you can't love me, you can't, I suppose, and I'll have to bear it like many another man. But I—well, I loved you so much that it didn't seem possible that you could help liking me—just a little."

That this humble, suffering man could be the same cold, unmoved person who had, only a short time since, with such reluctance and ill concealed impatience, left her for the bedside of a dying old woman seemed incredible to Elizabeth. But she clung to her decision to give him up, a course of action made imperative by the dictates of her reason, so she answered hesitatingly:

"I am so sorry, Edward, but I can't."

They rode along in silence, the thoroughbred moving with nearly noiseless steps, and as they were turning an abrupt bend in the road half a mile



RAISED HIM WITH A GENTLENESS OF MOVEMENT WHICH WAS A REVELATION.

farther down a thin groan struck up from the tall wayside weeds. Hadley brought his horse to a standstill by a violent jerk.

"What's that?" he asked sharply. "Listen!"

Again the sound was repeated—a faint, piteous note of pain.

"It's a baby," declared Elizabeth, trembling, "and it's hurt."

Hadley was already poised between the wheels of the runabout and in an instant was striding through the long grass, which he suddenly stooped to part. After an appreciable space he straightened up and held out a hand to Elizabeth, who had followed him, and the girl's fingers closed tightly over it as she leaned forward to peer into the grass.

"Oh, Ned, a puppy!" she exclaimed, relief and fresh pity blending in her voice, for at their feet lay a poor little morsel of a dog. His little black nose was dry and bleached with pain, and the soft curly white of his hair, through which the skin showed faintly pink, was soiled by blood and dirt, and, saddest of all, one tiny hind leg lay shattered and limp in a pool of blood.

"Some brute has run over him and chucked him in the gutter to die," Hadley said between his teeth. "I only wish I knew who it was."

In a moment he stooped and, slipping his hands under the little creature, raised him with a gentleness of movement which was a revelation to Elizabeth and which filled her eyes with sudden tears.

"I'll have to ask you to drive," said the doctor as he got in the runabout after her; "it would hurt cruelly to put him down." And then as he saw the anxious questioning of her eyes he answered: "I think I can fix him up all right. The leg is badly broken, but he's so young I think it will mend quickly." He fell to watching the quivering heart beat against the tiny ribs. The tip of a pale little tongue just showed in the dry mouth, and a great brown ear fringed with black drooped listlessly against the white pulsing throat.

"Isn't he beautiful?" sighed the girl. "How like a little hurt child he looks! What does make people so careless and so cruel?" As she turned her head sorrowfully away her glance fell upon a small boy standing by the roadside.

"Little boy," she called, stopping the horse, "do you know whose dog this is?"

A pair of stolid eyes were obediently focused upon the puppy.

"Yep," he announced after a moment's survey; "that's Sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle. No; you can't find Sammy. Him an' his maw moved to Plattsville day 'for' yeste'day. She's a widow woman. Course they didn't take him—dorgs is too easy got—an' they had 'nough to cart along 'ithout Patsy Doodle. Why, they had three"— But, her interest in the Caseys' movements having been satisfied, Elizabeth suddenly touched the horse with the whip, and in a moment they had left the discursive urchin far behind.

Once in Hadley's office the little dog was deposited upon the table and his broken leg bound up with deft and tender fingers. With the intelligence often vouchsafed his kind, Patsy Doodle seemed content to lie quite still and relaxed in the atmosphere of sympathy. So motionless was his attitude that they thought he was sleeping, but when Elizabeth withdrew her hand from the head she had been softly stroking the great brown eyes, still bloodshot with pain, opened immediately with an anxious expression, and the puppy lifted his drooping ears inquiringly.

"See, Bess; he misses your touch," said Hadley, dropping the towel with which he was drying his hands.

With a murmur of tenderness, Elizabeth slipped her hand under the soft little head, and after a snuggling movement of the nose, which was becoming moist again, Patsy Doodle gave a little breathing of content and, closing his beautiful eyes, fell asleep, like a tired child.

When the office had been restored to its former immaculate order Hadley walked to the open window and stood looking moodily out upon the summer street, but when Elizabeth stirred in her chair he turned quickly, for his mind was centered only upon the occupants of the office. She beckoned him, and he came across at once, seating himself on a corner of the table.

For a moment neither spoke; then the girl lifted her face and said in a tone that thrilled her companion:

"Ned, dear, I've done you a horrible injustice."

Hadley leaned forward suddenly. "How?" he asked, with eager eyes.

Elizabeth caught a fluttering breath. "You remember the night they brought you the message that that old lady was dying and how you hated to go? Well, I thought your profession had made you cold and hard and unfeeling, as it has so many men, and after you had gone I—I decided that I couldn't love a man like that"— Her voice trailed off uncertainly.

The doctor's eyes darkened. "That's another and the worst of the tricks that miserable old woman has played me!" he declared hotly. "Sweetheart"—his eyes claimed her attention—"I knew there wasn't a thing on earth the matter with her when they sent for me. Some member of her family had probably got up sufficient nerve to put into execution a long cherished plan or something of that sort. She'd been dying regularly for the last two years whenever things didn't go to suit her. And to think she came so near separating us!" He slipped his hand under the one in which the little dog's head lay. "I owe everything to the intervention of Sammy Casey's Patsy Doodle."

"Our Patsy Doodle," gently corrected Elizabeth.

A Difficult Matter.

There was strong family feeling in Brookby whenever any question affecting a member of the little community arose. The matter of Abel Wood's arrest illustrated the state of affairs.

"You see, we all know he'd been dishonest in his dealings and that he'd ought to be put away for a spell, and the warrant was issued," said Mr. Hull, explaining to a visitor what seemed like an unnecessary delay in a simple process of the law, "but 'twas kind of hard for us to settle on the best place to arrest him.

"You see, it had got to be done either at his mother's—that's the only good woman for extry scrubbing in the place—or else at his uncle's—that's the express agent, and none too obliging even when he's feeling pleasant—or else at his brother-in-law's—that's the only man in town that's got a fust class carpenter's set-out, monkey wrench and all. Anyway, the sheriff, being his fust cousin, made it kind of awkward, now I tell you.

"Seems to me we did pretty well to get him arrested inside of a week, considering what drawbacks we had to contend with."

To Run the Gantlet.

"To run the gantlet" originated in Germany and traveled thence to England, finally becoming domesticated in America. In both the German and English armies and navies about the time of the settlement of America running the gantlet was a punishment for misdemeanor, the soldiers of a company or regiment being placed in two lines facing each other, each man armed with a switch. The culprit ran between the two files and received upon his bare back the switches of his comrades. An officer stood by to see that the punishment was properly enforced, and any soldier who failed to do his duty was himself liable to make the journey between the two files. The Indians along the coast of Virginia are said to have observed this punishment inflicted upon some sailors of an English man-of-war and immediately adopted the idea for torturing their enemies; hence came the belief that the punishment or torture was peculiar to the aborigines of North America.

CATCHING THE TARPON.

A Battle Royal Between the Angler and the Monster Fish.

The tarpon is a "top feeder"—that is, he seeks his food near the surface. Those who know him best fish for him with a live mullet, which is not allowed to sink more than two feet below the waves, being sustained by a large "float" or cork. The inner portion of his mouth is bone, and no hook will take secure hold upon it. This being so, it is necessary to allow him partially to swallow the bait, which he will do by the time that he has carried the float whirling along the water for a space of thirty feet. Afterward is the time to swear and pray. The tarpon reel holds 600 feet of line. Not infrequently when he feels the hook the fish will strike the trail for blue water with a seemingly irresistible rush and keep going. What happens when his 150 pounds of express speed are pitted against the strength of a line that is run out needs not to be told. He simply sails on out to sea whipping behind him 200 yards of silk, and whether he lives or whether he dies its former owner knows not. He can only go back to port and tell vain tales of the size of the wonder that got away.

But if that splendid rush is deflected, if the fish dives, if the thumb of an old hand be upon the reel, if the man to whom the hand is attached is cool of head and knows enough to give his adversary the butt, a battle royal is on, for verily the combat between a 150 pound man, sound of wind and science, and a 150 pound tarpon, possessed of temper, is a grapple of the gods. The crazed fish time and again leaps three, four, five feet from the water and shakes his head like a dog in his effort to dislodge the hook. A momentary slack of the line is fatal, as with the rapidity of lightning the sharp teeth close upon the strands above the snell and they are severed as if with a knife.

But when the terrific struggles have grown fainter, when the steady, deadly strain of the springing rod has sapped the strength of the gallant foeman, when his lithe, powerful body is brought close to the boat's edge, when the cruel gaff has smitten the life from it and its beautiful body lies along the deck, the conqueror feels half jubilant, half remorseful, wholly respectful of the giant whom his prowess has laid low and feels suddenly weary and dry. He looks at the sun, which seems surprisingly low in the heavens. He looks at his watch and refuses to believe that two hours have passed in that desperate wrestle. But unless he be in thorough training and past master of his art a swollen, aching wrist will tell him for days afterward that in the silver king of the southern seas he was near to meeting his match.

The Sin of Vulgarity.

"Bishop," lightly asked one of a group of young golf players as they came up with an elderly man taking his holes leisurely—"bishop, when I make a bad drive and express my feelings with a word beginning with a large D, is it a sin?"

"Sin, Olive?" returned the bishop as he poised his stick to play. "Sin? It's surely vulgar."

The girl's proud face flamed, and, turning on her heel, she left her companions to make their own applications of the bishop's incisive reproof.

One of the saddest things about the too prevalent looseness of modern speech is its growing adoption by the more "bachelor" girls. A young woman recently used an expression that caused her twin brother to turn upon her in amazement and anger.

"I happened to overhear you say that the other day," she replied bravely, though with burning face, and then she quoted Lanier's lines:

> "Shall ne'er prevail the woman's plea—
> We maids would far, far whiter be
> If that our eyes might sometimes see
> Men maids in purity?"

"I shall never offend again," the young fellow replied gravely. "Thank you, Helen. Nor can I ever forget that it was I who forced that word to your lips."—Youth's Companion.

Care of School Children.

Rowland Godfrey Freeman says that an ideal private school should be out of town, but within easy reach of the homes of its patrons. There should be short periods of study, frequent recesses and ample time for a substantial midday meal. The harder work should come during the morning hours, the lighter work in the afternoon hours. After this the children should play out of doors. The ideal public school should care for the children as many hours a day as are practicable. Outdoor play should precede study. Study hours should be short, with frequent recesses. Nutritious food should be furnished the scholars at noon. In the afternoon the easier subjects, the manual work, and preparation for the next day should occupy the time. There should be opportunity for outdoor exercise under supervision until late afternoon. In every school strict examination should be made for any evidence of contagious diseases. All children with colds and contagious eruptions should be excluded from school.—Medical Record.

A Long Distance Rebuke.

The following "personal" appeared in the New York Sunday newspapers: "If the lady with dark hair and an absorbed expression in a Fourth avenue car yesterday who became provoked because the gentleman in front turned over a page of his novel before she had finished reading it over his shoulder will send her name and address and $1.20 to any bookseller she will be spared in future the necessity of manifesting her displeasure at such rudeness. Mention (here followed the name of the book) to avoid error."

No Trespassing

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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Sue Varian pulled up the bay mare short in the middle of the road and stared at the objects in the shade of the maples. There were two—that is, two as main points of interest. One was a large red automobile. The other was a young man lying comfortably on the front seat of the red automobile, fast asleep. Incidentally, even to the lay eye of inexperience, there was unmistakably something the matter with the red automobile. It was lopsided, and the front part—Sue didn't know the technical term, but the main front part appeared to be dislocated. It looked like a toy tin auto that had been stepped on.

But there was nothing the matter with the young man. He was sleeping peacefully, calmly, his knees elevated tentwise, his arms folded like a slumbering brave in effigy on his breast, and Sue laughed softly to herself and looked up and down the road.

It was deserted. Between 6 and 7 hardly any one ever passed along the shore road. It was the dinner hour up at the inn. And people who knew what they were about never took the shore road, anyway, not with red automobiles. It was a short cut, of course, to the inn, but primarily—and legally—it was a private road leading to the Varian estate, and to Hartley Varian's mind the only blot on the fair face of nature in the summer time were summer boarders and red automobiles.

Suddenly the young man moved restlessly. Mosquitoes were plentiful in the shade of the maples. He sighed, opened his eyes, caught sight of the bay mare and neat black road cart and sat up.

"Has he got back?"

The question was one of dazed concern. Sue returned his stare with grave interest.

"I don't know what you mean. You have had some accident?"

"Some accident!" The young man became troubled and explosive. "We came mighty near killing ourselves and smashing the machine to splinters over that—that—rope. Didn't you see the rope?"

"A rope?" Miss Varian's tone was mild and sympathetic.

"Stretched across the road on purpose, and we rode bang into it. Wilson, that's the chauffeur, has gone somewhere to get help. We missed the road a few miles back."

"Were you hurt?"

"Just a little jolted. I presume the owner of the rope hoped for funerals"—

"There was a funeral here a few days ago," interposed Miss Varian gently. "That is why the rope was put up, I believe, to turn back any stray autos and prevent any more funerals. A red one ran over a calf"—

"Calf?"

"It was a pet calf," resumed Miss Varian firmly, "and it was with its mother. It had a perfect right to ramble along this road and automobiles haven't. It's a private road. Didn't you read the sign on the stone gate posts as you came in?"

"The sign said simply: 'No Trespassing. Tramps and Dogs Keep Out.' I'm neither a tramp nor a dog, so I came in."

"Well, the rope wasn't stretched for a tramp or a dog."

The trespasser was silent for the first time. Climbing out of his machine, he strode over to the cart and looked up at the girl in it. She was young, about seventeen, he thought. Her waist was a white linen boyish affair that a very young person might be expected to wear, with plain turn down collar and short sleeves. The white linen skirt was short, too—ankle length. He could see the low heeled tan oxfords. And her hair was braided and wound around her head like a misplaced aureole that had slipped down. Worse than all, she was laughing at him. He knew it when he saw her eyes.

When he spoke again it was with a less obvious reference to his own wrongs.

"Can you tell me where I am?"

"Seven and a half miles from Glenmore. You missed the main road about two miles back. This leads to the Varian house."

"But that's where I want to go!" exclaimed the young man. "I thought Wilson was making for the inn. I am bound for Varian's place."

"Then why did you come in an automobile? Don't you know Mr. Varian personally?"

"Haven't seen him for years. He must be a jolly old beggar to judge from the rope—real sweet, neighborly disposition, hasn't he?"

"I think he was perfectly right and justified," said Miss Varian, with sudden haughty defiance. "It was the dearest little calf, and it belonged to me."

The young man began to smile, smile in a gradual dominance of the situation. It was a smile to resent, because it showed premeditated triumph and foreknowledge. But it improved him. Even with the dust of the road overlaying the tan of his face and the general disheveled condition of his makeup the smile was frank and friendly and altogether desirable.

"I'll bet forty-seven dollars and two cents that you're Susie," he said happily.

Miss Varian tucked in her side locks deftly, loftily. They were darling side locks, curly, tantalizing wisps of loose sunshine that knew their business and escaped from the side comb whenever there was a propitious moment.

"My first name is Suzanne," she said.

"No, sir, it isn't; it's Susie, and your hair used to be red. Remember the day you climbed our wall and tried to get up in the big apple tree after a blackbird's nest I told you was there? And your foot caught, and you tumbled down, and I had to climb up and take your shoe off before you could get your foot out of the cleft in the trunk. Do you remember, Miss Susie Freshie?"

He was laughing now, laughing wickedly, joyously. Miss Varian blushed, hesitated, caught the merry gaze of the brown eyes of the trespasser and laughed too.

"I remember. You did use to call me that, didn't you?"

"And it fits you yet," he retorted calmly. "Any one who'd sit and gloat over a poor stranded, wrecked devil for the sake of an idiotic calf is nothing but a fresh kid. I'm going to ride home with you, Sue. Sit over on the other side and give me those reins."

"I shall drive"— began Sue resolutely, but the reins were taken from her.

Down the road a figure was coming, and they waited. It was Wilson, the chauffeur.

"It's all right, Bob," he called. "I saw the old man and fixed it up with him. He says to come on up to the house, and he'll phone to Glenmore for some one to fix the machine."

"Well, you'd better stay and watch it until you hear from Glenmore, Wilson," said Bob Morrison kindly. "I'll hurry ahead with Miss Varian."

Wilson climbed wearily into the automobile and watched the road cart out of sight. Miss Varian was silent. It was eight years since Bob Morrison had left Greyrocks school, just eight years since his mother had died and the great old house up on the bluff had been closed up. She had missed her neighbors. So had her father. Greyrocks and The Maples were the last of the old estates along the shore to hold out against the encroachment of summer hotels. She stole a side glance at the figure beside her, knowing how warm his welcome would be at the house in spite of the red automobile.

"Caught you peeking," laughed Bob, looking down at her and swinging the bay mare easily around the last curve. "Why don't you say you're glad I'm home?"

"We heard you were going to Europe after you left college," she said.

"Well, I'm not," he retorted deliberately. "Dad's had about enough city whirl, and I'm going to take this place and settle down here at Greyrocks—that is, if my neighbors treat me right."

"The rope wasn't for neighbors," said Sue slowly. "Just for trespassers. And anyway a neighbor would know the way, the cross lot path over the wall, past the big apple tree. That's the way neighbors pass from Greyrocks to The Maples."

"We'll tear down the wall and travel cross lots every day, won't we, Suzanne Susie Sue?"

He was laughing, but there was an undercurrent of serious intent that brought the quick warm color to Sue's face. She wondered if he was thinking of the last time they had traveled cross lots, the day he had left for school, and at the old stone wall he had kissed her goodby and snipped off a lock of her hair with his pocketknife.

Bob shifted the reins to his left hand and reached for his inside pocket. From a small Russia leather bill book he took a bit of curly red hair with a piece of black thread, boy fashion.

"It was red those days," he said thoughtfully, and Sue said never a word.

"I hope there isn't any trespassing sign on the apple tree," he told the bay mare's ears.

"Neighbors aren't trespassers," said Sue softly, and he slipped the red curl back in the bill book as they drew up before The Maples. It was his welcome home.

Sending Home the "Boers."

In South Africa candles are used for lighting purposes in the homes, and when a young Boer maiden has gentlemen visitors the mother sticks a pin in the candle, and when it has burned to the pin the callers understand that it is time for their departure. Mrs. Early, a society matron of Washington, recently made a visit to the Transvaal and was so impressed with the custom of the Boers that she determined to introduce it into her own home. Consequently the electric lights were removed and candles substituted in the drawing room. Mr. Staylate, a frequent though not always welcome caller, was one of the first visitors to call after the inauguration of the new custom. He witnessed the placing of the pin in the candle by Mrs. Early and after she had gone ventured to inquire:

"Why, Miss Early, does your mother stick a pin in the candle?"

"Oh," responded the young woman, with an air of apparent innocence, "mother learned that in South Africa as a way of sending home the Boers."—Harper's Weekly.

A Blade of Grass.

As an English writer has written: "Whenever you can find a single blade of grass, however small, there you stand face to face with the mystery of life and all the responsibilities of existence. It is of more interest than many of the stars, for, if astronomy is right, some stars are ceaselessly burning, and therefore, beautiful as they are from a distance, life upon them (in the sense in which we understand life) is impossible. The roots of the humblest blade of grass go down to the beginning of life in the world, and its tip points to the sky. If you should chance to find a blade of grass withering in a rocky place, carry it a little water for the sake of the thoughts that spring from it."

POWER OF PERFUMES.

The Way Various Scents Act on the Nerves and Brain.

Nearly all perfumes have antiseptic qualities and are valuable in keeping away infection.

The perfumes which are the most agreeable to the sense are not always the most helpful to the nerves. Ambergris, for instance, is positively offensive to many, yet it is said to possess a wonderful power of clearing the brain and driving away the blues. On the other hand, attar of roses, with the suggestion of glowing suns and gorgeous eastern colors, predisposes to tears.

A faint odor of musk acts as a tonic, for which the best antidote is the odor of sandalwood. The fragrance of citron is as soothing to nervous folk as the sound of faroff music.

The scent of orange flowers is so depressing to the action of the heart that it is not safe for any one with disease of that organ to inhale it for any length of time. Reviving perfumes come from herbaceous plants largely, from the odors of mignonette, rosemary and lavender, and soothe the nerves.

The perfumes of lilies, jasmine and acacia are pleasant and soothing to a healthy sense, though delicate nerves cannot enjoy them even in their garden freshness. Brought closer in clusters of blossom, their odor is narcotic and depressing, so that persons grow faint at the smell of them and may be put into heavy slumber, as if drugged by their odor.—London Express.

SIMPLE MEDICINES.

Remedies That May Be Found In Nature's Drug Stores.

If chemists and druggists disappeared from the face of the earth humanity could still worry along with the simple remedies which nature yields, practically ready made. There is nothing to beat rhubarb juice as a cure for gout or rheumatism except water from medicinal springs. All kinds of scurvy and blood poisoning yield to the juice of lemons or of limes, which are the greatest blood purifiers in existence. Even doctors acknowledge that natural, fresh cream from cows' milk can give points to cod liver oil and similar nasty liquids in treating consumption. Common mustard used as a plaster or poultice is the best cure for a cold on the chest, and the white of an egg with sugar is the finest medicine for hoarseness. To cure a burn an application of the white skin that lines the shell of an egg is unbeatable, while the raw yolk is a capital tonic. In fact, gardens and roadsides are full of herbs of which the juice or leaves afford remedies or palliatives for almost every disease to which humanity is heir.—New York Mail.

Luminous Centipeds.

Lizard, snake and natural electric light plant all rolled into one—this is the luminous centiped, one of the most interesting creatures in nature. It is about one and a quarter inches long and covered with short hairs. Its body is very narrow and appears to be in sections. In consequence of this peculiar formation the creature appears to move sidewise except when frightened. Then the natural electric light plant feature appears, and, with an almost instantaneous wavelike motion, beginning at the tail, the color of the reptile changes from orange to a greenish phosphorescent shade. Then, sparkling with a tiny streak of green light, the creature darts away to a place of refuge. When one of the pair is in search of its mate, the color grows a bright yellow, but at will the centiped can resume its darker color, and then, if lying close to the grain of a piece of wood, is hardly noticeable.

The Word "Canteen."

A strange etymological history is that possessed by the word "canteen"—which has caused so much talk in temperance and army circles—if its origin is correctly assigned to the old Latin "quintana," which literally means "of the fifth rank" or "fifth in order." The "quintana (via)" was a street in the Roman camp so called because it came between the fifth maniple, or company, and the sixth. Here all the business and marketing of the camp were done, and "quintana" eventually came to mean a market.—Chicago News.

Simplified.

It is said of a noted Virginia judge that in a pinch he always came out ahead. An incident of his childhood might go to prove this.

"Well, Benny," said his father when the lad had been going to school about a month, "what did you learn today?"

"About the mouse, father."

"Spell mouse."

After a little pause Benny answered: "Father, I don't believe it was a mouse after all. It was a rat."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sydney Smith's Sharp Tongue.

Sydney Smith was at a party one evening when, seeing Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian, enter, wearing a rose colored turban, he suddenly exclaimed, "I now know the meaning of the word grotesque!" He professed his cordial liking for both her and her husband, saying: "I like them. I like him, he is so ladylike, and I like her, she's such a perfect gentleman."

English Art.

Foreigners appear to have great difficulty in acquiring representative examples of the English school of painting and with good reason. Our art is more fruitful in attractive hybrids than the art of any other country in the world.—Burlington Magazine.

A man is never mediocre when he has much good sense and much good feeling.—Joubert.

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Think of Dr. Shoop's Catarrh Cure if your nose and throat discharges—if your breath is foul or feverish. This snow white soothing balm contains Oil of Eucalyptus, Thymol, Menthol, etc., incorporated into an imported, creamlike, velvety petrolatum. It soothes, heals, purifies, controls. Call at any dealer for free trial box.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large nickel capped glass jars 50 cents. Sold and recommended by all druggists.

ASTRONOMY FOR LANDSMEN

How a Watch or Clock May Be Regulated by Observing a Star.

When some investigator makes the "discovery" that the points of the compass can be approximately determined by looking at the sun and using a watch to show the divisions of the plane it is apt to go the rounds of the press as something very peculiar. If this discoverer were sufficiently conversant with the principles of navigation to note for the public benefit that the running of a watch or clock may be regulated by observing a star he might confer some practical benefit. This is a very simple thing to do and might be of great use in a country place where accurate time is not always obtainable, but all that is necessary is a fixed location on the earth's surface and any old thing in the way of a timepiece.

Choose a south window from which any other fixed point comparatively near and high, such as a chimney, side of a building, etc., may be seen. To the side of a window fasten a piece of card having a small hole in it, so that by looking through the hole with one eye toward the edge of the elevated object some fixed star may be seen. Watch the progress of the star, and the instant it vanishes behind the fixed point the observer must note the exact time it disappears. Watch the same star the following night, and it will vanish behind the same object just three minutes and fifty-six seconds sooner. If the timepiece marks 9 o'clock when the star disappears one night it should indicate three minutes and fifty-six seconds less than 9 the following night. If several cloudy nights occur together, follow the first observation and deduct the product from clock time to find the time the star will pass.

Of course the same star can only be observed during a few weeks, for, as it gains nearly an hour in a fortnight, it will in a short time come to the meridian in broad daylight and become invisible. To make sure the observer is watching a star instead of a planet, he should notice that stars twinkle, whereas planets give a steady light because reflected, and, if he wishes further assurance, he may observe that all fixed stars appear to maintain the same relative positions with regard to each other, most noticeable with the different stars in the constellations, whereas a planet changes its place with regard to the other stars. This method of verifying time is easier and more reliable than the shadow on a sundial. In the famous observatory at Greenwich, England, from which longitude is counted, the clock by which chronometers are set is regulated in just about this manner, but over 200 of the fixed stars are observed. The observations are taken with a telescope, across the center of which is the line of a spider's web to mark the meridian.—Marine Journal.

The English Longbow.

The range and power of the English longbow in its palmiest days were extraordinary, notes a writer in Chambers' Journal. We have seen and handled one of these bows, said to have been used at Flodden. It measured six feet unstrung and the arrow three feet. The pull must have been quite 100 pounds. To draw the cloth yard shaft on such a bow would probably defy the powers of even an exceptionally strong man nowadays. But good Bishop Latimer in his well known eulogy of English archery has shown us how from their boyhood Englishmen were scientifically trained in the use of the bow till, like Justice Shallow's hero, old Double, they could "clap in the clout at twelvescore yards." Up to what distance the old longbow was really effective is a question not easy to answer, but from the data we possess it may safely be assumed that against anything but armor of proof the cloth yard shaft was deadly up to 300 yards, while for combined rapidity and efficiency in shooting no weapon could compare with the longbow till the introduction of the breechloader.

Fellow Strugglers.

There were some things which the woman who had lived for twenty years in a beautiful but lonely spot within sight of the White mountains had borne just as long as she could, and she did not care who knew it.

"What a rest it must be to you at the end of the day's work to look at those great calm hills standing there in the waning light," said an enthusiastic traveler who had stopped for a glass of water.

The inhabitant of Ridge Hill farm looked at her visitor with a hint of scorn in her face, although her tone was good natured enough. "I've looked at them hills just as many times as I'm ever going to when I'm tired," she said slowly. "I save 'em now for Sundays when I'm some rested up. When I'm mad and tired and ache all over I go out back and look at my tomato vines and potatoes. They've both got things to contend with here, same as I have. That's what soothes me more'n any hills."

A Bird That Shaves.

Man is not the only living creature that shaves. The bonmot, a South American bird, takes a dry shave regularly. The bonmot has long blue tail feathers. Each quill is adorned from base to tip with soft blue down. This arrangement the bird dislikes. Therefore with its sharp beak it nips the quills bare from the base out to about an inch from the tip, where it maintains a neat oval of soft blue whisker. Such action seems silly on the bonmot's part to certain philosophers, though it seems no sillier than man's action in regularly scraping bare his cheeks and chin, while he maintains on his upper lip an oval of soft hair not unlike the bonmot's tail oval.

Preventics, as the name implies, prevents all Colds and Grippe when "taken at the sneeze stage."

Preventics are toothsome candy tablets. Preventics dissipate all colds quickly, and taken early, when you first feel that a cold is coming, they check and prevent them. Preventics are thoroughly safe for children and as effectual for adults. Sold and recommended in 5 and 25 cent boxes by all dealers.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

You haven't as long to live as you used to have.

Some people are so agreeable that they are disagreeable.

Heroism is generally a foolish act with a successful termination.

Some people not only insist upon giving advice, but asking questions at the same time.

When a married woman hears about women who are working on salaries she is liable to say, "Well, I earn all I get."

The surest way to tame a man is to take his money away from him. When a man has no money even a woman can run over him.

People talk of nursing their wrath as if they are bloodthirsty for revenge, but leave an angry man alone and in two days he will have forgotten what he got angry about.—Atchison Globe.

No Cure For Insomnia.

A sufferer from insomnia may work hard at physical and mental labor, yet the night cometh when no man can work. The insomniac, utterly fatigued, falls into a slumber—not a sound, refreshing, dreamless slumber, but a coma, lethargy, a torpor, born of fatigue. In a few hours the demon says "Awake!" and the insomniac starts instantly into waking, with bright, staring, winkless, sleepless eyes. Is there no cure? None. Insomnia comes with age. You cannot cure your years. You used to sleep yesterday when you were young. "Not poppy nor mandragora nor all the drowsy sirups of the world can medicine thee to that sweet sleep which yesterday thou hadst."—San Francisco Argonaut.

When the tip of a dog's nose is cold and moist, that dog is not sick. A feverish dry nose means sickness with a dog. And so with the human lips. Dry, cracked and colorless lips mean feverishness, and are as well ill-appearing. To have beautiful, pink, velvet-like lips apply at bed time a coating of Dr. Shoop's Green Salve. It will soften and heal any skin ailment. Get a free, trial box at any dealers and be convinced. Large nickle-capped glass jars, 25c.

--THANKS--

THANKS to you sir, who for the past 20 years have favored us with patronage.

THANKS to those who come occasionally.

THANKS for complaints that "jack us up" and keep us particular about your needs.

THANKS for compliments that we hear every day, due to painstaking efforts to serve the public.

THANKS to all, and we shall be glad if all are as thankful as we are.

If you got a bad deal somewhere last season try this store next time you are in need of things to wear for man or boy.

"IKE" SIMONS

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I have found a tried and tested cure for Rheumatism! Not a remedy that will straighten the distorted limbs of chronic cripples, nor turn bony growths back to flesh again. That is impossible. But I can now surely kill the pains and pangs of this deplorable disease.

In Germany—with a Chemist in the City of Darmstadt—I found the last ingredient with which Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy was made a perfected, dependable prescription. Without that last ingredient, I successfully treated many, many cases of Rheumatism; but now, at last, it uniformly cures all curable cases of this heretofore much dreaded disease. Those sand-like granular wastes, found in Rheumatic Blood, seem to dissolve and pass away under the action of this remedy as freely as does sugar when added to pure water. And then, when dissolved, these poisonous wastes freely pass from the system, and the cause of Rheumatism is gone forever. There is now no real need—no actual excuse to suffer longer without help. We sell, and in confidence recommend

Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy

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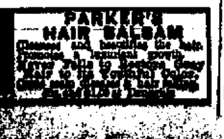

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Repairing a Specialty.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport on

MONDAY DECEMBER 10, 1906.

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendants' interest in all those certain pieces of land, together with ½ royalty interest in the seven oil wells situate thereon, situate in the township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, and bounded and described as follows, viz:—

Beginning at the southwest corner of lot No. 330 deeded to J. L. McKinney; thence east 76.6 rods to a post corner of the same; thence south 40.8 rods to a post corner of the same; thence west 42.4 rods to the northwest corner of lot No. 242 deeded to J. H. Campbell; thence south 76.6 rods to a post the southwest corner of the same; thence west 50 rods to a post the northwest corner of lot No. 114; thence north 29.4 rods to a beech the northeast corner of Sophia Zimmer lot; thence west 50 rods to the northwest corner of same; thence north 25.8 rods to the southwest corner of lot No. 191; thence east 67.2 rods to the southeast corner of the same; thence north 62.5 rods to the place of beginning. Being lot No. 174, (25 acres) and lot No. 247, (25.6 acres) conveyed to A. W. Dodge by B. D. Hamlin in a Deed dated Nov. 30, 1878, and recorded in Deed Book No. 55, page 10.

Nearly all improved.

Also all that certain piece of land, together with ½ royalty interest in the two oil wells situate thereon, situate in the township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—Beginning at the northeast corner of lot No 114; thence north 76.6 rods to a point on the north line of lot No. 242 deeded to J. H. Campbell; thence west 26 rods to the northwest corner of said lot; thence south 76.6 rods to the southwest corner of the same; thence east 26 rods to the place of beginning. Containing 12 acres and 50 perches and being a part of lot No. 242 and the same land conveyed to A. W. Dodge by M. E. Dunlap, by a Deed dated Aug. 10, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book No. 8, page 51. Nearly all improved.

Subject to the rights of all lessees in possession of the said lands under leases made by A. W. Dodge.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles J. Knickerbocker and A. R. Sloan, executors of the last will and testament of A. W. Dodge, deceased, at the suit of Henry Hamlin.

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrant No. 3156, being lot No. 114 Biddle street bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post in the south side of Biddle street three hundred fifty feet from a driven iron pipe marking the southeast corner of Biddle and South Yarnell streets; thence by the south side of Biddle street (thirty feet from the center thereof) north seventy-six degrees east (N. 76 degrees E.) fifty feet to a post (50); thence at right angles thereto south fourteen degrees east (S. 14 degrees E.) about one hundred twenty feet (120 ft.) to a post; thence by the right of way of The Pittsburg & Western Railroad Company (thirty feet from the center thereof) and by the north side of an alley south westwardly to the southeast corner of lot 112; thence by lot 112 north fourteen degrees west (N. 14 degrees W.) one hundred fifty feet (150 ft.) to the place of beginning. Containing six thousand seven hundred fifty square feet (6,750 sq. ft.) of land more or less, and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house. This mortgage is made and accepted under and subject to the reservations, restrictions and agreements contained in a deed from Elizabeth D. Kane to the first party hereto, said deed being dated the 2nd day of October A. D. 1891, and recorded in the Recorder's Office in and for the County of McKean at Smethport, Pa., in Deed Book Vol 68 page 209 etc.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Rick Donovan, with notice to E. C. Andersen, Trustee, of the bankrupt estate of Rick Donovan, at the suit of W. S. Calderwood, cashier.

A. P. Huey, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendants' interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate on lot 131 on Warrant 3110, in the Second Ward of the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:—

Beginning at a post in the western line of Mechanic street at the northeast corner of lands deeded by Harlow Pike and wife to John P. Heatey by Deed dated May 24, 1896; thence westerly by the north line of said Heatey lot and at right angles with Mechanic street one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a point in the eastern line of Maplewood avenue; thence northerly by the said eastern line of Maplewood avenue one hundred (100) feet to a post; thence easterly and parallel with the first line one hundred and fifty (150) feet to a post in the western line of Mechanic street; thence south thirteen degrees west by the said western line of Mechanic street one hundred (100) feet to the place of beginning. Containing 15,000 square feet of land and being also the northern part of lot No. 132 as shown on map of Pike farm as surveyed and drafted by Frank Webster.

Improved and having thereon one, one and one-half story frame dwelling house with a wing addition.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Katy Burke and John Burke at the suit of Mrs. Salonia F. Closser, for use of Mrs. Elizabeth McCallum, now for use of J. W. Milligan.

James George, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendant's interest beginning at the northeast corner of the Mrs. F. C. Bodine lot on the southerly line of E. Main street; thence southerly at right angles 165 feet; thence easterly at right angles 183 feet; thence northerly at right angles 165 feet to the southerly line of E. Main st.; thence westerly along said southerly line 183 feet to the place of beginning, and being lots 31-32 on map now on file in the City Engineer's office in the City of Bradford, Pa. Plaintiff releases from the above lien all that certain lot of land situate in the City of Bradford, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows:—Beginning at the northeast corner of Mrs. F. C. Bodine lot on the southerly line of East Main street; thence southerly at right angles 165 feet; thence easterly at right angles 95 feet: thence northerly at right angles 165 feet to the to the southerly line of East Main street; thence westerly along the southerly line of East Main street 95 feet to the place of beginning, being the westerly 95 feet front and 165 feet deep of the land described in said Municipal Lien.

Improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. Q. Field at the suit of the City of Bradford.

F. P. Schoonmaker, Plaintiff's Attorney.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., November 20, 1906

Petition to Satisfy Mortgage.

In the matter of Petition of Annie Sullivan to satisfy mortgage. } In the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County.

No. 50, December Term, 1906.

To Sarah M. Peasley, her heirs or representatives:

You are hereby required to appear at our Court of Common Pleas to be holden at Smethport, in and for the County of McKean, on the Second Monday of December, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m., to answer a petition of Annie Sullivan to satisfy a certain mortgage given by her to you, the said Sarah M. Peasley.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Nov. 15, 1906.
C. E. Judd, Atty. for Annie Sullivan.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on the 24th day of December next by A. A. Prints, Samuel Prints Bert H. Prints, under the Act of Assembly entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called Prints Clothing Company the character and object of which is the buying and selling of clothing, men's furnishing goods, hats and all other articles incident or pertaining to the clothing business, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

ALLEN & SON, Solicitors.

Rooney's is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

Fruit and Vegetables

I am always headquarters.

J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

Professional Cards.

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Smethport, Pa.

Gallup & Bouton,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

[illegible] L. Keenan,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN. JOHN FORREST.

Hamlin & Forrest

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

E. R. Mayo & Son,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa
Office connected with long distance telephone.
E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - - Penn'a

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